THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 160.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

IN my preceding letter, I concluded my examination of the first ternary of the *Progress of Poetry*, and the corresponding remarks of Johnson; but I must proceed no further before I have corrected an inaccuracy of which I was guilty, in asserting that the imagery of the former part of the third stanza was derived from the first Pythian of Pindar, an ode from which Gray has borrowed only in his second stanza. On the third, I omitted to quote a note of the author, which affords, it may be thought, some useful information; this stanza is designed to set forth the 'Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.'

In the second ternary the poet takes a more serious view of his subject. In the first stanza it is represented that, 'To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence to dispel the night:'

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song! disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove!
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky,
Till, down the eastern cliffs afar,
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

'Of the second ternary of stanzas,' says Johnson, 'the first endeavours to tell something, and would have told it, had it not been crossed by Hyperion.' Whether the personification and description of the day here condemned be beauties or otherwise, is not very material. I shall content myself with citing, from Gray's notes, the lines of Cowley, upon which it is formed:

Or seen the morning's well-appointed star,
Come marching up the eastern hills afar

The 'glittering shafts of war' cannot be new to any reader of the Greek and Roman poets:

Non radii solis neque *lucida tela diei*.

'The second,' says Johnson, 'describes well enough the universal prevalence of poetry; but I am afraid that the conclusion will not rise from the premises. The caverns of the North and the plains of Chili are not the residences of "glory and generous shame." But that poetry and virtue go together is an opinion so pleasing, that I can forgive him who resolves to think it true:'

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,

To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode;
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forest laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers, wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous Shame,
Th' Unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

The subject of this stanza is described by Gray to be the 'Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations, its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend it;' and he refers us to the 'Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments; the Lapland and American songs.'

In criticising this stanza, Johnson adventures into a branch of inquiry to which he was, perhaps, but little competent. He abandons the weapons of literature, and attempts to wield those of philosophy. He has nothing to say to the language or imagery, but he attacks the argument. He admits the 'universal prevalence of poetry,' but he fears that the 'conclusion will not rise from the premises.' He goes further. He asserts that the "caverns of the North and the plains of Chili are not the residences of "Glory and generous Shame." Had he said that the 'caverns of the North' and the 'plains of Chili' are not the residences of Poesy, I could have allowed the possibility of the fact, and taken time for acquiring newer and more strict information; but I cannot conceal my surprise at the rashness with which he has contradicted what appears to me to be no more than a self-evident truism. Can there be poesy where there is not feeling, and can there be feeling unaccompanied with the love of glory, and with generous shame? In a word, who is there that considers the noble birth and benignant offices of the Muse, and can deny his coolest assent to the proposition of the poet?

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and gen'rous Shame
Th' Unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

There is a passage in the *Deserted Village*, in which the pathetic Goldsmith has so forcibly corroborated the sentiments of Gray, and so beautifully amplified the language, that I cannot refrain from citing it here:

And thou, sweet Poetry! celestial maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph! neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and kept me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well!
Farewel! and, oh! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wrap the polar world in snow;
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain:
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of Gain:
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As Ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While Self-dependent Pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky!

In the third stanza, Gray considers the 'progress of Poesy from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer,' he observes, 'was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch; the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled into Italy, and had formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.'

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Illissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves,
In lingering lab'rinths, creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish!
Mute, but to the voice of anguish,
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around,
Ev'ry shade, and solemn fountain,
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound,
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains:
Alike thy scorn the pomp of tyrant pow'r,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains!
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion, next, thy sea encircled coast!

'The third stanza sounds big with *Delphi*, and *Egean*, and *Ilissus*, and *Meander*, and *hallowed fountain* and *solemn sound;* but in all Gray's odes there is a kind of cumbrous splendor which we wish away. His position is at last false: in the time of Dante and Petrarch, from whom he derives our first school of poetry, Italy was over-run by *tyrant power*, and *coward vice;* nor was our state much better when we first borrowed the Italian arts.'

The critic would here have been more correct, if, instead of saying "his position is at last false," he had said, his last position is false; for, that the Muses scorn *coward vice* and the *pomp of tyrant power*, it is by no means the entire drift of the stanza to assert: that, at last, it is untruly asserted, I do not see reason to deny. With respect to *Delphi*, and *Egean*, and *Ilissus*, and *Meander*, if these proper names occasion the stanza to sound big, I think it an incidental circumstance, which neither honours nor disgraces the poet. They present themselves in the course of a mere historical description.—Mr. Saunter! if magnificent words are not to be meddled with, under pain of our being accused of 'a strutting dignity,' who knows how long we shall be permitted to make free with *German-town* and *Sandy-Hook* and *Bunker's-Hill?* With respect to *hallowed fountain* and *solemn sound*, I presume that Johnson cited them only for the sake of swelling his catalogue; and, through the whole of the diction of this stanza, I might perhaps rest the defence of the poet upon that of the maxim of Boileau: Soyez riche et pompeux dans vos descriptions.

Mr. Gilbert Wakefield cites the following stanzas from Milton's *Sonnets*, as the original of the passage beginning, 'How do your tuneful echoes languish.'

The lonely *mountain* o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A *voice* of *weeping* heard and loud lament:
From *haunted spring* and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent:
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs, in twilight shade of tangled thickets, mourn.

I shall make the third ternary, and my own sentiments of the ode, the topics of a future letter. Meanwhile, I borrow, from the critic last named, a more complete illustration of the second stanza of the first ternary than I gave at the place:

'Pindar's words are—

'———————————ευ-
δει ανα σκαπτω Διος αιετος, ωκειαν πτερυγ' αμφοτερωθεν χαλαξαις,
Αρχος αιωνων. Κελαινεφη δ' επι οι νεφελαν
Αγκυλω κρατι, βλεφαρων
Αδυ κλαϊσρον, κατεχευας· ὁ δε κνασσων
Υγρον νωτον αιωρει, τελις
Ριπαισι κατασχομενος. Και γαρ βιατας Αρης, ταχειαν ανεσθε λιπων
Εγχεων ακμαν, ιαινει καρδιαν
Κωματι.'

'It is an address to his *lyre:*

'On Jove's imperial rod, the king of birds
Drops down his flagging wings: thy thrilling sounds
Soothe his fierce beak, and pour a sable cloud
Of slumber o'er his eye-lids: up he lifts
His flexile back, shot by the piercing darts.
Mars smooths his rugged brow, and nerveless drops
His lance, relenting at the choral song.'

The same scholar defends the epithet *many-twinkling*, and cites Milton and Thomson; but, the latter, I think, with most advantage:

'Gradual sinks the breeze
'Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
'Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
'Or rustling turn the *many-twinkling leaves*
'Of aspen tall.
Spring, 155.

'which is extremely natural and pleasing.'

STATERUS.

For the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY OF ANACREON.

[The ensuing Memoir of the merriest of the Greeks is, intended, as the learned reader will quickly perceive, to resemble the Athenian Letters of Hardwicke, and the Anacharsis of Abbé Barthelemy; the plan of the ingenious author is to weave a biographical tissue, and to embroider the work with the spangles of many an ode. This scheme, however fanciful, as it has a classical basis, is sufficiently agreeable

to us, and we hope will prove so to others. We wish the young man, who thus turns his curious eye to the monuments of Grecian genius, every boon which the favouring muses can bestow.]

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

SIR,

The translators of the Odes of Anacreon have universally united in lamenting the paucity of Anecdotes which have been preserved, respecting the domestic life of that admirable poet. It might reasonably be supposed that one who lived but in society, and whose harp unceasingly warbled on those themes, sentiments which are most congenial with the poetic mind, would have found some friend to record the incidents of his life. Yet what we do know of him serves rather to stimulate than satisfy the curiosity of the inquisitive.

It has always appeared to me, that the tenor of his life is displayed in his Odes, which constitute all of his numerous writings that have descended to us. They breathe such a spirit of genuine enthusiasm, as to afford the strongest internal evidence that they were the spontaneous effusions of inspiration: whether from the thrill of love or excited by the raptures of the banquet. This opinion,* which I have occasionally hazarded, has been sneered at by some, whilst others have thought that the idea was at least plausible. I am happy in being able to corroborate it, and remove all the dubiousness of incredulity, by a translation, in which I am now engaged. The original I believe is entirely unknown here, and it has even escaped the industrious research of most of the European critics. My friend Moore, it is true, told me he had seen the volume; but, upon looking over his recent translation, I am astonished to find that he has made no use of it; as it would have considerably assisted him in trudging through the mire of conjectural criticism. The work to which I allude is no less than an account of that part of Anacreon's life, in which his Odes were composed, written by one who was his intimate friend and constant companion. The biographer has all the enthusiasm and is as faithful a chronicler as Boswell, and his pages are never tarnished by the delusive whispers of vanity.

To the labours of Boswell every admirer of Johnson owes great obligations; but, whilst this gratitude renders a voluntary tribute of applause, and dwells on the minutest lineaments in the character of the great moralist, he is continually disgusted by the obtrusive egotism and contemptible adulation of his fawning sycophant. His motto is a true index of his aim in compiling the book:

——*Quò fit* OMNIS
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
VITA SENIS—— HORAT.

Oh may my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and *partake the gale!*

and it is evident that his design was not so much to write a life of his "illustrious friend," as to tell us that he himself lived and that he was lord of Auchenleck, &c. &c. His attention was not directed to the picture, but he called upon the world to gaze on the drapery that surrounded his object. In this he resembles certain dull and heavy commentators, who, unable to elicit any thing from their own sterile brains, fall upon some unhappy author, who, perhaps, is obscure only to themselves. They alter and amend, illustrate, amplify and expunge as it suits their own fancy. The work goes into the world almost smothered with notes, and the sagacious commentator thus rides down to posterity, as it has been forcibly expressed, on the back of an ancient. So it has been with Johnson. His kindness to Boswell has not only burthened him with his friend, but his friend's wife and her son Alexander and her daughter

* That this was also the opinion of his last and best translator may be inferred from a sentence in his "remarks on Anacreon," without the imputation of a violent desire to support a favourite hypothesis. Mr. Moore says, that to infer the moral disposition of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy: but *the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his Odes, that we may consult them as faithful mirrors of his heart.*

Veronica, and even the castle and domains of Auchenleck, are all mounted on his shoulders, and thus loaded he is condemned to run the gauntlet of fame.

But to return to my own business. Boswell, with all his excellences and humours and defects must be well known. I am to introduce another friend to your notice.

The following work is written by Cneius Crito, a native of Samos, who was sent to receive his education at Athens, which was, at that period, the resort of the most learned men of Greece. Like many other young men, who are placed, at an early age, beyond the control of parental experience and authority, he occasionally wandered from the thorny road of mathematics and philosophy, to pluck a flower in the fragrant paths of Poesy. His excursions were so frequent, and he strayed so far, that he at length became unable to retrace his footsteps, and he accordingly devoted himself to the culture of that art. Some remains of his writings evince that his taste was good and his morals of the purest School. It is true that he seldom reaches to so sublime a height as Anacreon, but he displays a very refined delicacy of sentiment and frequent felicities of fancy, which certainly ought to obtain for him, what he most ardently desired, an humble station among the Sons of Imagination. Those pieces which are interspersed through this Biography, are mostly included in these observations. I am aware how much they have lost by being transplanted from the native soil, by the rude hand of an unskilful gardener. The translations, however, are before the reader, and from them he must endeavour to form an opinion; perhaps I may hereafter publish some further specimens, to justify what I have advanced. I shall not attempt to attract a factitious reverence for this work, by leading the reader through the ruins of Herculaneum, or of Pompeii, where books are so frequently discovered, but shall simply inform him, that I found it, neglected and forgotten, among the remains of a once valuable library. I was struck by the title, and after perusing a few pages, I congratulated myself on the fortuitous acquisition of a treasure which had long been a desideratum in the literary world.

Those who lurk in the neutrality of criticism, and delight to detect petty faults or trifling inaccuracies, may perhaps charge the biographer with some anachronisms, if they compare his dates and names with the investigations of modern chronologists—I endeavoured at first to reconcile them, but finding the task troublesome, without being of any material advantage to the work, I abandoned the design. It is of little consequence in the present work to ascertain whether Anacreon was prior to Plato, or Aristotle, or lived after them. Their names scarcely appear, but in order to make some remarks on their sentiments; and it is the justness of the criticism, only, that the liberal reader will regard.

I shall add but a few words respecting the manner in which the translation has been executed. To those who have seen the original it is unnecessary, because they can judge for themselves; but those who form their opinion from the copy will scarcely do the author justice. His sentiments are pure and just, his diction is skilfully adapted to the occurrences he narrates. Is Anacreon seated at the banquet? You see the sparkling goblet kiss his lips, or the deep resounding chords trembling beneath his fingers. Has he retired to the bower, to indulge his fancy and still the tumults of wine? The zephyrs fan him with their mildest breezes, and Flora perfumes the air with the most delightful fragrance. And when he sings the raptures of love, or deplores the misery of disappointment, the sensitive heart of Crito follows him with scarcely unequal steps. The lyre is struck—and all are rapt in admiration; even the Muses and the Graces, who are ever attendants, seem astonished at their inspiration: such is the power of Crito, and so glowing are his descriptions.

SEDLEY.

MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.

Written by CNEIUS CRITO, and translated from the original by SEDLEY.

In the second year of the eighty first (B. C. 455.) Olympiad, CRITO, the son of Cneius Crito, senator of Samos, writes this history. O Apollo, look on my attempt with a favouring eye. It is to Anacreon, thy chiefest favourite—it is to the memory of the Bard of Teïos, that I consecrate this work. May my tablets be more durable than brass, that time may not destroy them! Then will posterity know how Greece was once illumined by thy follower, and in after ages thy praises shall still be sung. His lyre is suspended at Delphos, but no one can touch the strings of Anacreon. Yet the winds sometimes pass through them, and they respire a mournful note, as if conscious of their former sweetness.

Do thou, O Terpsichore, inspire me with thy melody; for to your care has Apollo intrusted the lyre, and Anacreon was your first minstrel. And thou, Erato, breathe some portion of thy warm spirit into my soul, that I may tell of Anacreon, how he sung the praises of Venus.

Thy aid, O Melpomene, I invoke. Lend me thy melancholy strains, when I speak of my grief and despair, for the loss of this incomparable man. He it was who taught me the rules of his art. His advice guided my conduct, and the glow of his fire inspired me to action, or his soothing numbers lulled my soul to peace, when it raged with the pangs of unrequited love. He is gone—where shall I find such a friend?—There is none like Anacreon.

Grecian! when you read these tablets, reflect that he was your countryman, and bless Apollo, who gave such an ornament to your clime. Teach thy sons to recite these odes, and let thy daughters sing them at your festivals; so will you perpetuate the honour of your country, and in future times the name of Anacreon will be borne upon the wings of fame.

I must say a few words of myself, that you may understand how I became acquainted with Anacreon, and am enabled to deliver you this record of his transactions and his writings.

My father was a senator of Samos, the capital of the Samian Isle. Death deprived me of him when I was very young, and I immediately abandoned commerce, to which he had destined me, and went to Athens, to walk in the Lyceum and listen to the philosophers, who then flourished in that city. Among these, I shall always remember, with grateful feelings, the friendship I uniformly experienced from Erastus, who was of the Platonic school. Although I paid little attention to his advice at that time, every word is deeply impressed on my memory, and I obey all his precepts, whilst they do not militate too directly against my propensity to poetry and music.* After having passed

* Readers are so accustomed to notes, that a book is nothing without them; and although in the preface I have endeavoured to ridicule the practice, I find myself irresistibly impelled to *ride* on the back of poor Crito. Anacreon, I hope, will carry both. Let no wit say, it is because we are superficial fellows, and have no solidity. To be serious. I think the privilege of adding notes, when discreetly exercised, may tend to increase the pleasure of the reader. They illustrate, enliven and diversify. Crito has given us none; and as I am frequently at a loss to understand his allusions, I presume that there are some as ignorant as I am, and I also presume they are as willing to learn. With this view, I have added such notes as my ingenuity and industry could furnish. In the text above, the reader might very probably inquire, if the philosophers of Greece restricted their followers from any indulgence in the charms of poetry and music. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which poetry, music, painting and sculpture were cultivated in Greece, and the perfection which those arts had attained, a liberal reader of the present day will smile at the moroseness which the *philosophers* always manifested towards them. They called them imitative arts, and seemed to consider them as beneath the dignity of the human mind. Thus Plutarch says, if a man applies himself to *servile* or *mechanic employment*, his industry in those things is a proof of his inattention to nobler studies. No young man of noble birth, or liberal sentiments, from seeing the Jupiter at Pisa, would desire to be Phidias, or from

some years in listening to the jargon of the schools, and in endeavouring to penetrate the subtlety of their distinctions, I found myself so little satisfied with my progress, and in fact so bewildered by their different systems, that I resolved to devote myself exclusively to the study of mathematics. But this science only served to convince me of the uncertainty of my other acquirements, and I was disgusted by its arid deductions.

One day, as I was walking in one of the groves appropriated to the use of the students, and perplexing myself in the intricacies of a problem, my meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sounds of music. My path had often been crossed by poets reciting their odes, but I had been taught to shun them, as incentives to idleness. Whether that my mind, involved in the mazes of sines and co-sines, was therefore peculiarly adapted at the moment to catch at any relaxation and repose on the soft melody of the harp, or that I was tired of my present studies, I know not; but I joined a crowd of young men and girls, with chaplets on their heads, who were dancing around two persons. One of them recited from the Mimes of Sophron †, and the other occasionally relieved him by his harp. I soon forgot my gravity and mingled in the sport. When we became fatigued by our merriment, the minstrel changed the theme. He selected the affecting episode of Homer, in which he relates the interview of Hector with Andromache. Then he related the terrible battle between the Trojans and Grecians, in which all the gods were engaged. This is the most wonderful instance of Homer's sublimity. We seemed to hear the awful thunder of Jupiter—the earth again trembled, and we saw Pluto again start from his throne, to prevent his gloomy regions from being exposed to the gaze of mortals. When I returned to my chambers in the evening, the events of the day, so novel and interesting, occupied my whole thoughts—I again twined through the mazes of the dance, and my laughs at the jokes of Sophron were reiterated. I reflected on the melancholy pleasure that stole over my mind when I listened to the rhapsodies of Homer—I had never experienced such vicissitudes of delightful pleasure and pleasant pain from any of my studies. My whole life had passed in mental abstraction or abstruse cogitation, that had wrinkled my brow, without expanding my mind.

Now, I exclaimed, have I found the true road to happiness and distinction—The writings of an obscure blind man, ‡ who even begged his sustenance, are recited and applauded in distant cities long after his death, and our philosophers are scarcely known but by those who hear their voices. I will abandon

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the sight of the Juno at Argos, to be Polycletus, or Anacreon, or Philemon, or Archilochus, though delighted with their poems.

† The *Mimes* of *Sophron*. This name is given to a sort of Bacchanalian poetry. Scribere si fas est imitantes turpia mimos. Ov. Trist. 2 Eleg. 1. 515. Sophron lived in the time of Plato: and what made these mimes or farces of so much consequence was, that he never ceased reading them, and every night slept with one of them under his pillow. His followers, it may be remarked, had not so much taste.

‡ It is related, by Herodotus, that the real name of the ancient poet was Melesigenes. That by which he is now known was acquired, not from parental choice, but from a rude sarcasm of unpitying and penurious wealth. Homer, whose poverty compelled him, like his own Ulysses, *to see many cities*, having arrived at Cumæ, resorted to his usual method of procuring a subsistence. He recited his *rhapsodies*, as they were then denominated, to the inhabitants, the voice of Echo spread his applause o'er the hills that surrounded the walls of Cumæ. Elated by the approbation his works received (for what poet is not alive to the incense of praise), and grateful for the respect with which his person was treated, he offered to immortalize the city, if the inhabitants would bestow upon his labours such a remuneration as would preserve his future days from want. But the glare of wealth was dearer than the plaudits of fame. They answered, that were they to give him the salary he desired, there would be no end of entertaining all the Ὁμηροὶ, or "blind men," who might choose to visit them; and thence he got the name of Homer.

the schools and worship at the temple of Apollo, and if I cannot penetrate further than the vestibule, I certainly shall be happier than I am now.

The next day I purchased all the writings of Orpheus, Hesiod and Homer, that could be obtained. These afforded me such exquisite satisfaction, and so warmed my imagination, that they became my only study, notwithstanding the contempt with which my former masters had endeavoured to inspire me, towards such writings. Some of the works of Anacreon having accidentally fallen into my hands, I was so charmed with the almost divine spirit that glowed in every page, that they contributed to make me seek in the regions of Parnassus that content which I could not find in the schools of philosophy. But as it was necessary to have some guide to conduct me in a road yet unknown to me, I thought I could not do better than to put myself under the protection of Anacreon himself, who was in Athens.

Although this poet was then more than three score years of age, he had not ceased to love pleasure, and to seek with assiduity the society of those who could contribute to it. It was not difficult therefore to become acquainted with him. His affable and polished manners and the conviviality of his disposition, tended as much to make me condemn the austerity of my former masters, and regret the time I had lost among them, as his poetry made me despise their precepts.

One day, whilst we were eating together, I observed that he seemed pleased by some sarcasms that I uttered against the ostentation of the philophers, and thinking it a good opportunity, I followed him when he arose from the table, and went to enjoy the fresh air. After some desultory conversation, I briefly related to him the events of my past life, and concluded by informing him of my present pursuits, and my wishes with regard to his assistance.

[*To be continued.*]

MISCELLANY.

[With the utmost cheerfulness, and in a spirit of no affected candor, we publish the following well-written article. It is an apology for an author, who thinks himself unjustly censured by a critic, who published his opinions not haughtily, like Warburton, but distinctly and clearly, like Churchill. It is a rule with the Editor to shun all the asperities of controversy, and on all questions of taste and literature to await in silence the unerring verdict of the public voice. Justice to the author of the translation, appended to this article, very easily persuades us to declare that, with a few, a very few, exceptions, it is executed agreeably to the canons of criticism.]

Mr. Oldschool,

The enclosed translation of the 13th ode of the first book of Horace was produced about five years past, on the banks of the Ohio. It is the attempt of a young man of my acquaintance, who was then about eighteen; and had been about ten months from the plough. As I have several translations of this ode, no one of which, I conceive, retains a greater portion of the original spirit of Horace, I prevailed with the translator to consent that I might request you to publish it in the Port Folio.

In obtaining this consent I found much difficulty. The translator is the author of the poor madrigal so unmercifully criticised by Messrs. Colon and Spondee, in No. 31, vol. 5, of the Port Folio. His feelings upon reading the "Fragment of useful criticism" were such as to annihilate every wish of again seeing any of his own effusions in print. His rhymes, his sentiments, nay even his person, were held up in such a ludicrous point of view, that he declared he could not think of submitting any other of his productions to your inspection, especially the translation in question, which rendered the third stanza different altogether from the version of Boscawen, published in the Port Folio, No. 16, vol. 4.

He urged, as a further reason why he could not consent that the translation should be submitted to you, that he was certain the rhymes, "neck and speak" "untorn and burn," would meet your disapprobation, and might subject him to be again called a "French Philosopher, one of Buonaparte's officers," or "a strange fantastic creature," epithets which he by no means relished, and which he felt more sensibly because bestowed upon him by a man of taste and discernment.

To remove his first objection I assured him that he had rendered the third stanza according to the true meaning of the text, and the understanding of the commentators on the Delphini edition of Horace, as it respected his rhymes I observed to him, that how-

ever incorrect they might be, when tried by the standard of Messrs. Colon and Spondee, they were nevertheless warranted by the highest poetical authority. Pope was never charged with a "laudable partiality for Ireland," or wishing "to believe the Hill O'Howth, Parnassus." Although he had transgressed this rule of Messrs. Colon and Spondee, in a variety of instances, I instanced to him the following:

"All who true Dunces in his cause appear'd,
"And all who knew those Dunces to reward."

Dunciad, B. 2, v. 21.

"To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
"Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to "Thames."

Ibid. v. 260.

"But now no face divine contentment wears;
"'Tis all blank sadness and continual tears."

Eloisa to Abelard, v. 147.

"Take back that grace those sorrows and "those tears,
"Take back my fruitless penitence and "prayers."

Ibid. v. 286.

"New lords they madly make, they tamely "bear,
"And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear."

Thebais Statius, B. 1, v. 228.

I remarked to him that Gifford had taken the same liberty in the following couplet.

"The summons her blue stocking friends "*obey*,
"Lur'd by the love of Poetry and *tea*."

And to convince him that you had not set your face against every kind of *irishism*, I produced to him a number in the Port Folio, which had passed without animadversion, and particularly the following, in a poem published in No. 16, vol. 5, of which you had spoke in terms of approbation.

"Thus twines the honey-suckle *sweet*
"Around some trunk decay'd and bare,
"Thus angels on the pious *wait*,
"To banish each destroying care.
"The angry storms of awful *fate*
"Around my little bark may roar,
"And drive me from this dear *retreat*,
"A wanderer on a distant shore."

My friend, however, was not yet satisfied. He said he was not acquainted with the exact meaning of every word in the English language, and by using some expression "a little ambiguous" might subject himself to very *indecent* suspicions. He felt much hurt at the construction given to the words "precious favour" by Messrs. Colon and Spondee, because the feelings of the lady to whom the verses were foolishly addressed were severely wounded by that construction.

His misconception of the word "*Vow*" he said had also occasioned him much regret, as it had given Messrs. Colon and Spondee an occasion to make some insinuations respecting "Priestess-Talien, Muslin purity," and "a French milliner," which had shocked the delicacy of an unoffending and respectable woman.

To this I answered that he was not responsible for forced and waggish constructions of his language, the sole object of which was to excite ridicule at the expense of candour. I observed that the play upon the word "*Vow*" was predicated upon the principle, that there could "be no legitimate *poetical* union between the words *vow* and *bestow*." Although this might be a correct principle, yet the contrary doctrine was supported by such high authority, as to excuse his falling into an error on that point. I took up Pope's Homer, vol. 4, which lay on the table before me, and turned to the following verses in Book 15.

"Then (while a smile serenes his awful *brow*)
"Commands the goddess of the show'ry *bow*."

V. 178.

"Jove is with us, I saw his hand but *now*
"From the proud archer strike his vaunted *bow*."

V. 575.

And to convince him, that this principle of Messrs. Colon and Spondee was not even at this day the established law of rhyme, I referred him to the following couplet, found in the same Number of the Port Folio, that contains this "Fragment of useful criticism."

"That o'er his *baseless fabric* we may *vow*
"A constant love which with our years shall *grow*."

Finding his objections thus in a great degree removed, he was about to hand me the translation, when the elision at the commencement of the last line arrested his attention, and he suddenly exclaimed, It will not do, here is not only an "impertinent vowel" but a syllable cast away. I shall be accused of some "enigmatical conceit" and "Tamar Tabby," or some ludicrous name conjured up——I interrupted him, by repeating the following line from Pope:

"I tell you fool, *there's* nothing *in't*."

He immediately threw me the paper, but insisted I should advise you of the reluctance with which he consented to submit it to your critical observation. In compliance with this request I have related to you this conversation; and have now to request, that if you do not think the translation deserves a place in the Port Folio, you will notice it, in such a manner as not to offend the feelings of the Translator. H.

Horace, Ode 13, Book 1.

O Lydia! when in praise you speak
Of Telephus's ruby neck,

Or dwell with rapture, on the charms
Of Telephus's tender arms;
My swelling heart with grief o'erflows,
With rage ungovernable glows.

My love-sick mind within me dies,
And from my face the colour flies:
The tear soft stealing o'er my cheeks,
My inward grief and anguish speaks;
Shows how inflamed with love's desires,
I waste in slow consuming fires.

I rage when drunken brawls and strife
Disturb the pleasures of thy life,
When the rash boy with liquors warm,
Degrades with blows thy beauteous form,
Or kissing thee with fury blind,
Leaves on thy lips the mark behind.

Oh would'st thou but attend to me,
Hope not that he will constant be
Who thus most barb'rously ingrate
Does those sweet kisses violate,
Which Venus hath herself imbued,
In her own sweet nectareous fluid;

More than thrice happy they remain,
Whom bonds of constancy retain.
Their love by dire complaints untorn
Shall with an equal fervor burn,
Cement in unison their minds
'Till death the indissoluble knot unbinds;

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Strolling through a churchyard at Concord in Massachusetts, the last summer, I was much pleased with the accuracy and justness of the antitheses, in the following epitaph, scarcely legible through the moss of an inclining grave-stone. I transcribed it in my pocket book, and if you think it will not diminish the merit of the Port Folio, it is at your service.

R.

GOD
Wills us free,
man
Wills us slaves,
I will as God wills,
God's will be done.

Here lies the body of John Jack, a native of Africa, who died March 1773, aged about 60 years.

Tho' born in a land of slaves,
He was born free.
Tho' he liv'd in a land of liberty,
He liv'd a slave;
'Till by his honest tho' stolen labors
He acquired the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom,
Tho' not long before
Death, the grand tyrant,
Gave him his final emancipation,
And set him on a footing with kings.
Tho' a slave to vice,
He practised those virtues,
Without which kings are but slaves.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No 3.

Take Nature's path. POPE.

MR. DIARY,

It is the vice of the arts to go beyond their design, and, after reaching the height of their imitative powers, to aim at fantastic beauties. These sallies it is the business of sound criticism to watch and suppress.

The types of all those arts which consist in the exercise of our natural faculties are in nature. It is because excellence is sparingly spread among mankind, and because men of middling endowments are laudably anxious to reach it, that what, at first sight, appear to be the mere operation of natural talents receives the name of *art*. It is thus with the Art of Speaking. The art of speaking can consist in nothing more than a clear and euphonious voice, a distinct utterance, a graceful gesticulation, a lively feeling, and an enlarged understanding. Its object can be no other than that of expressing plainly, forcibly, and elegantly, the sentiments to be delivered. It is for two reasons that these things constitute an art; first, because they are attempted by those to whom nature has denied them, and in whom, therefore, they must be the work of imitation; and, secondly, because men undertake to deliver the sayings of others, the meanings of which they do not always catch, or catching, discover without emotion: it almost becomes an art, therefore, to *feel*.

That this is really the case, cannot, I think, be denied by those who observe what an immense distance there subsists between that which, unless we are willingly to be accounted fastidious in the extreme, we must allow to be good acting, and that which is truly a transcript of nature. It might, at the first view, appear in no shape difficult to speak and move, on occasions similar to those of real life, in the manner nature teaches us to speak and move. It might seem only necessary not to impose a restraint on ourselves, and to give a loose

to our instincts. A very limited acquaintance with the efforts of persons of undoubted genius is sufficient to convince us of the contrary.

I commenced my letter by observing that it is the vice of art to go beyond its design. It appears to be through vanity of its strength that it delights in the most ill-timed display of its more showy qualifications. It abhors the quiet virtues.

I am one of the numerous assemblage who listen to Mr. Fennell's readings and recitations. That a school of oratory is an excellent thing, and that it is more particularly desirable in the capital of a free state, are propositions to which no man can give a heartier assent than I; but, to be useful, it must be good. In precisely the same degree that it is valuable, it is of importance that it should be excellent. It is my chief object to submit to you some remarks on a general question: but I presume that it will be in unison with your design, and not uninteresting nor useless to your readers, to advert, in part, to the particulars of an exhibition which cannot but affect in a considerable degree the taste of this city.

Mr. Fennell gave me much gratification in his delivery of *Satan's Address to the Sun;* and I must confess that I am in general better pleased with his *recitations* than with his *readings*. On the whole, he afforded a very just expression to the sentiments of Satan; but he gave no force to what Milton certainly meant forcibly——

a *throne* in *hell.*

His *Hymn of Adam and Eve* I thought the worst part of the evening's entertainment. Many names of the objects addressed and personified were slurred over, as if they were among the most insignificant words in the sentences that contained them; as,—

Air, and ye, Elements.

Pope, *On Universal Order*, was read in a manner that deserves approbation; particularly the line,—

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

but much of their proper strength was lost in the lines remarkable for their conciseness and antitheses; as,—

Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

In reading the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, Mr. Fennell frequently fell much below my expectation, nor was I at any time able to discover those extraordinary powers which ought to betray themselves in a professed reader. To notice mere pronunciation, I must observe, that Mr. F. reads *even*, when the measure requires *e'en*. I trust that those who hear him will not learn, after his example, to destroy the harmony of two of the sweetest lines in our language:

Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

But what I have most to object to is the *enacting* style in which Mr. F. read the following couplet; and I am here led to the object of my principal concern:

Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd with hopeless love.

In reciting the *Ode on the Passions*, Mr. Fennell thought proper to *act* his *descriptions*. It was the same in his *description* of Clarence's dream, but is it possible that Mr. F. can seriously think it right to *act* the dead men's bones and the ingots of gold? When Clarence comes to speak of his reception among the shades of his kinsmen, it is quite another thing. It is of great importance that we should be made acquainted with the *manner* in which they addressed to him their several speeches; for the *manner* is almost all. Here, then, therefore, Mr. Fennell was in the right. But, in mere description, it is the words themselves that are to affect us; and the speaker is to feel, but not act them. It is not by pronouncing

TREMBLING....RAGING!!! *fainting*,

that an orator is to impress us with

Trembling, raging, fainting;

the words are themselves echoes to their several senses, and require only to be uttered with a regular increase of of emotion. Instead of setting our hair on end with RAGING!!! the height of the emotion should be reserved for "fainting:" here it is that the climax reaches its summit; here it is that the poet discovers he has exhausted his art—here, therefore, he adds—

Possest beyond the Muse's painting.

In describing Fear, who—

back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made,

Mr. Fennell rather gave us Horror. Fear had touched the "shell," but surely he did not recoil with knit brow and starting eye-ball, as if he had touched an adder? The Fear intended by the poet is of that species we distinguish by the name of Trepidation. I will take a future occasion of inquiring more at length into this *principle* of oratory; in the mean time, I request you to take it into consideration whether it were not decidedly better that Mr. Fennell should rely rather on the richness of his voice (a fund on which he is so well able to draw) than on that *demi-action* he employs? I take the liberty, also, to express a wish that we may hear from that gentleman, Warton's *Ode to Fancy*, Thomson's *Hymn on the Seasons*, Mason's *Ode to Truth*, the *Choice of Hercules*, and a few of the *Fables* of Langhorne; poems more than ordinarily adapted to the display of those beauties in the art of speaking of which he is so complete a master, and which render his readings and recitations so elegant and so valuable an object of public admiration and patronage.

AUDITOR.

THE BRITISH DRAMA.

A new grand Legendary Melo-Drama, entitled, *The Sleeping Beauty*, was produced at Drury-Lane, on the 6th December ultimo. It is the production of Mr. Skeffington, and much as may have been hoped from the taste and genius of that gentleman, the reality has far exceeded the most sanguine expectation. The scene is laid in England, in the remote age of chivalry, the happiest, perhaps, that an author could chuse, who wished to combine all the beauties of spectacle with the fascinations of Romance. The piece commences with a most beautiful view of the country, and a party of *Huntsmen* enter.—Two Knights Errant, *Aldibert* and *Oswin*, upon hearing from *Old Ellen*, who is 117 yeas old, that *Ethelinday* and all her attendants, have been asleep 100 years in the enchanted wood, determine, accompanied by their 'Squire *Launcelot*, to rescue them, by breaking the charm; in which *Aldibert* is assisted by *Melzarina*, the good fairy, who descends with the clouds on the stage. This is effected in a manner the most novel and beautiful that can be conceived. The adventurous knights proceed through the palace, and arrive at the grand saloon, where they find all the enchanted company fast asleep, in full youth and beauty, in the exact state in which they were 100 years before. In the bosom of *Eward* the favorite page, they find some verses, which are sung by the sleeping page. The folding doors that concealed the *Sleeping Beauty* are forced, and disclose the most magnificent scene ever produced upon a Theatre. The charm is now broken, and the various characters awake, just as they were when they fell asleep a century before. Several beautiful dances succeed. The Knights then swear to protect their fair mistresses from the usurper, whose power they dread. *Edward* the Page seeks his beloved *Ellen*, and finds her a poor decrepid old woman. Perceiving his dissappointment, she releases him from his promise; but he nobly declares his affection unaltered; and his constancy is rewarded by her transformation into a beautiful young lady. The moral is pretty, and and worthy the refined taste of the author. The Usurper, *Ethelred*, and his guards, obtain entrance into the castle, by a subterraneous passage, when *Aldibert* challenges him to single combat. *Ethelred* is killed. The hands of the knights and the enchanted damsels are joined by the *Good Fairy*, and the whole concludes with a most magnificent scene of transparent pillars and other ornaments. The overture is beautiful, and was loudly applauded. The songs possess sweetness, taste and science. The accompaniments to the Melo-Drama are grand and appropriate. The sketch of the fable announces this piece out of the ordinary line. There is nothing common or hacknied about it. The foundation may rest, indeed, upon an old story; but the superstructure and the order are all new, striking and eccentric. They furnish proofs of original genius, finished taste, and fruitful fancy. Such is the piece with which Mr. Skeffington has enriched the stage. It is, perhaps, the most elegant scenic exhibition ever presented to a British audience. Upon many previous occasions, the liberality of the Managers has been carried to excess. It has seldom failed to produce grandeur and brilliancy.

OPERA-HOUSE.

A New Melo-dramatic Ballet, entitled, *Naval Victory and Triumph of Lord Nelson*, composed by Sig. Rossi, was produced, for the first time, on Saturday night. The first scene is a distant view of Cape Trafalgar and the *Victory*, with Lord NELSON on the quarter-deck, attempting to break the enemy's line. The next scene presents a view between decks of the *Victory*, and the death of Lord NELSON in his cabin. The subsequent scenes are in London, and consist of a view of the Admiralty, the entrance of *Britannia* in her chariot, drawn by lions, and

followed by *Mars* and *Minerva*. The temple of immortality, which descends in clouds, and exhibits a likeness Lord NELSON, concludes the piece. Horace wisely observes,

"———*Non tamen intus*
Digna geri promes in scenam, multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens."

A deviation from this rule proved fatal to the piece. The feelings of the audience were hurt at the exhibition of the dying agonies of their beloved hero, in his last solemn moments; hisses issued from every part of the house, which Mr. BRAHAM's eloquence, who several times addressed the audience, in vain attempted to restrain.

When the curtain dropped, Mr. BRAHAM came forward, and stated that the piece was withdrawn.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

The ensuing song appears to have been written by one of the gayest of the Comus court. If it want the energy of Anacreon and Horace, it exhibits much of their ease and philosophy.

When once the gods, like us below,
To keep it up design,
Their goblets with fresh nectar flow,
Which make them more divine.
Since drinking deifies the soul,
Let's push about the flowing bowl.

The glittering star and ribbon blue,
That deck the courtier's breast,
May hide a heart of sable hue,
Though by a king carest.
Let him in pride and splendor roll,
We're happier o'er a flowing bowl.

For liberty let patriots rave,
And damn the courtly crew;
Because, like them, they want to have
The loaves and fishes too.
I care not who divides the cole,
So I can share a flowing bowl.

Let Mansfield Lord Chief Justice be,
Sir Fletcher Speaker still;
Let gallant Rodney rule the sea,
And Pitt the Treasury fill.
No place I want throughout the whole,
I want an ever-flowing bowl.

The son wants squaretoes at Old Nick,
And Miss is mad to wed,
The Doctor wants us to be sick,
The Undertaker, dead;
All have their wants from pole to pole
I want an ever-flowing bowl.

The genius and gaiety displayed in the ensuing fable, as well as the exquisite propriety of the moral, cannot fail to charm the judicious reader.

THE SATYR AND PEDLAR.

A FABLE.

Words are, so Walliston defines,
Of our ideas merely signs,
Which have a power at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now Damn'd, for instance—all agree
Damn'd's the superlative degree;
Means that alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore.
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
Which has no meaning of its own;
But signifies or bad or good,
Just as its neighbour's understood.
Examples we may find enough;
Damn'd high, damn'd low, damn'd fine, damn'd stuff.
So fares it too with its relation,
I mean its substantive—Damnation.
The wit with metaphors makes bold
And tells you he's damnation cold:
Perhaps that metaphor forgot.
The self-same wit's damnation hot.
And here a fable I remember—
Once, in the middle of December,
When every mead in snow was lost,
And ev'ry river bound with frost;
When families got all together,
And feelingly talk'd o'er the weather;
When—pox of the descriptive rhyme—
In short, it was the winter time,
It was a pedlar's happy lot
To fall into a satyr's cot:
Shiv'ring with cold, and almost froze,
With pearly drop upon his nose;
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,
He blew upon them with his breath.
"Friend," quoth the satyr, "what intends
That blowing on thy finger's ends?"
"It is to warm them thus I blow,
For they are froze as cold as snow;
And so inclement has it been,
I'm like a cake of ice within."
"Come," quoth the satyr, "comfort, man!
I'll cheer thy inside, if I can;
You're welcome, in my homely cottage,
To a warm fire and mess of pottage."
This said, the satyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth,
Which, with delight, the pedlar view'd,
As smoking on the board it stood.
But, though the very steam arose,
With grateful odour, to his nose,
One single sip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was so wond'rous hot.
What can be done?—with gentle puff
He blows it, till 'tis hot enough.
"Why, how now, pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing?" quoth the satyr.
"I blow to cool it," cries the clown,
"That I may get the liquor down;

For though I grant you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, sir, as hot as hell."
Then raising high his cloven stump,
The satyr smote him on the rump;
"Begone, thou double knave or fool;
With the same breath to warm and cool!
Friendship with such I never hold,
Who're so damn'd hot, and so damn'd cold."

TO MY SWEETHEART.

Long have I sought, and sought in vain,
A sweet-heart fair to find;
But never yet could meet but one
Completely to my mind.

With red and white streak'd down your cheek,
Like blushes of the morn;
You look'd as sweet as any rose,
"A rose without a thorn."

With eager hands and sparkling eyes,
And face devoid of grief;
I prest thee to my longing lips,
O lov'd *New England Beef!*

EUPOLIS.

(*Charleston Courier.*)

Crambe, in the memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, said he was every day under the dominion of a certain word; such, for instance, as the word *led*, which not only governed him, but all the world besides. For, said he, noblemen and drunkards are *pimp-led*, physicians and pulses are *fee-led*, the patients and oranges are *pil-led*, a new married man and an ass are *brid-led*, an old married man and a packhorse are *sad-led*. Cats and dice are *rat-led*, swine and nobility are *sty-led*, a coquette and a tinder-box are *spark-led*, a lover and a blunderer are *grov-led*.

An Hibernian member of a strolling company of comedians, in the north of England, lately advertised for his benefit, "An Occasional Address to be spoken by a new Actor." This excited great expectation among the town's people. Upon the benefit night the Hibernian stepped forward, and, in a deep brogue, thus addressed the audience:

To-night a new actor appears on your stage,
To claim your protection and your patronage:
Now who do you think this new actor may be?
Why turn round your eyes and look full upon me,
And then you'll be sure this new actor to see.

Upon this our hero made his bow and retired. The effect upon the audience may be easily imagined—the Hibernian's whim produced a loud and general roar of laughter.

A drama, of a very singular nature, was lately brought out on the French stage. It is called *Le Babillard*, and is properly called a monologue, consisting of ten or twelve scenes. In fact, there is no dialogue, for only one person opens his mouth throughout the whole piece. This loquacious hero is called *Dorante*. He puts to flight five women with his tongue, remains master of the field of battle, and still talks while he remains alone on the scene. In the first scene, without allowing his valet the opportunity of putting in a word, he informs him of his love for a lady, of his hopes, and project for marriage. In the second scene he meets his mistress, silences her by his volubility, and always interprets her silence in his favour. In the third, the father and mother of the lady arrive, and the audience expect at last to have some dialogue, but their hopes are vain. The indefatigable Dorante speaks for the father and mother, and replies for his mistress. In short, all the other personages who appear have only the opportunity of expressing their sentiments by gestures. This whimsical *bluette* was loudly applauded on the first representation, and the Parisians crowd to see it every night. Much of its success was owing to the exertions of the actor who performed Dorante. He shewed that he possessed a happy memory; had he paused a moment for the prompter, the piece had been lost. At the conclusion, the name of the author was, according to the French custom, called for. One of the mute performers stepped forward, and was going to open his mouth for the first time, in order to satisfy the curiosity of the audience, but the talkative Dorante was too quick for him, and interrupted him with—"The piece which we have had the honour to represent"—"You should say, which *I* have had the honour to represent," cried a voice from the pit. The author was declared to be M. Charles Maurice, who wrote before a little piece called *Les Consolateurs*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

On reading Little's Poems.

Prudery, perchance, as here she beams
  Thro' modesty's affected veil,
May blush to look on nature's themes,
  And spurn the Bard's enamour'd tale.

Perchance the frown of crabbed age
  Its soul to profferr'd bliss may steal;
And mark as errors in the page
  Affections which it cannot feel!

But every pulse of generous youth
  To sympathetic joys must move,
And life asserts each nobler truth
  When friendship warms a mutual love!

Then (far from themes of labor'd art)
  Be mine the soft ingenuous strain,
Which, stealing thro' the *poet's* heart,
  Steals thro' the reader's heart again!

TO ELIZA.

Dear girl, whilst thus I bend the knee,
  A beggar I must prove;
Nor whilst I claim the boon from thee,
  Return thee love for love!

For tho' I supplicate thy heart,
  I cannot offer mine;
The gift is not my own t' impart,
  It is already *thine!*

TO MARY.

And can you, Mary, then forego
  The richest of mankind,
For one whose only wealth below
  Is center'd in his mind?

And shall thy faithful bosom yearn
  With friendship but for me?
And shall my mutual fondness turn
  From every wish but thee?

Then must the bond that gives it birth
  Our union constant prove:
Ourselves must be our only earth,
  Our only wishes love!

SYMPATHY.

Sweet is the influence that can move
  Two souls with one unchanging glow;
And bid the tide of mutual love
  Thro' sympathetic bosoms flow;

Bless'd are the hearts, divinely bless'd,
  Whose vital streams united run;
Which throb responsive thro' the breast,
  And the pulse vibrate, both in one!

C. B.

To Mary, on her Canary Bird.

"I wish I were thy bird." Shakes. Romeo.

Yon bird that flutters in his cage,
  And seems to struggle to be free
Knows not the care he would engage
  Dear Mary, when at large from thee!

For should he break his silken chain,
  And seek the songsters of the wood;
Still would he fly to you again,
  Where center'd rests his only good!

For me whose heart, like him, is bound,
  In Mary's unresisted cage;
I would not leave my measur'd ground,
  For all the freedom of the age!

For should my light and winged heart,
  Soar through the limits of the world,
Still would it dread misfortune's dart,
  By faithless hate and falsehood hurl'd;

But by my Mary's bonds repress'd
  Slavery itself becomes a bliss;
My only prison is her breast,
  And each resistless chain a kiss!

C. B.

ANACREONTIC.

O! bring the flowing goblet here,
  That lulls the soul to sleep;
And as its pow'rs my bosom cheer,
  Let me forget to weep!

It cannot be!—when mourns the soul,
  With temporary woe,
Wine may promote its genial rest,
  And sorrow cease to flow;

But when the *wishes* cease to live,
  And death becomes a friend,
Life's only cure, that wine can give,
  Is *hast'ning on its end!*

C. B.

Ode on the death of James Beattie, L. L. D. "author of the Minstrel," &c. written in imitation and chiefly collected from that Poem.

High on a rock that frowns o'er Eden's wave,
  A youthful minstrel stood, in wild despair;
Loose flow'd his vest, and careless sorrow gave
  His auburn ringlets to th' unconscious air!
Rude were his features, and his bosom bare;
  Tears quench'd his eyes, that glisten'd erst with fire;
And as he tun'd the echoing notes of care,
  Grief seem herself to animate his lyre,
To rouse the feeling strain, and every verse inspire.

'Mourn Edwin, mourn, thy rev'rend guardian dead!
  'He who thy breast from false desires redeem'd!
'Cold is the hand which then thy footsteps led,
  'Clos'd are those eyes whence heav'nly pity beam'd,
'Silent the heart which in his features gleam'd,
  'And mute, for ever mute, the genial tongue,

'That tongue which inspiration's image seem'd,
'Whilst on his lips celestial doctrines hung
'* And revelation will'd, the music that he sung!
'The warbling groves—the garniture of fields,
'The solemn night—the blaze of perfect day;
'All that the healthful dew of morning yields,
'And all that echoes to the evening lay;
'No more their Beathe's rural charms display!
'For me—whose wand'ring heart his maxims drew,
'From fancy's paths to reason's purer way;
'Here, on his recent tomb I fix my view,
'And pour my endless sighs, and weep my soul's adieu!
'Yet no!—hark! 'tis his voice'! "let those their doom
"Deplore—whose hope is still their dark sojourn;
"But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
"Can smile at fate, and wonder how they mourn!
"Shall endless darkness shroud the stranger's bourne?
"Shall man be born to vegetate in vain?
"No!—Heav'n's immortal spring shall yet return,
"And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
"Bright thro' th' eternal years of love's triumphant reign!"

* See Beattie's work, on the evidences of Christianity. 2 vols. duod.

For the Port Folio.

REFLECTION AT SEA.

Ah! what dangers the ocean of life overwhelm,
When youth's giddy bark on its surface appears;
Should desire be the pilot that rules at the helm,
And the pleasures of folly the course that she steers!
Whilst perchance the gay morning of fortune may smile,
Too incautious ambition unfurls every sail;
And whilst Syrens of ease the frail vessel beguile,
She is stranded on shoals where temptations prevail!
Or at length when the clouds of adversity low'r,
And the lightnings of famine and poverty glare,
Too distracted to brave the wild hurricane's power,
She for ever is wreck'd on the rocks of despair!

C. B.

For the Port Folio.

On the death of an amiable young man who died at College, aged 22 years—after a life of continual sickness and pain.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother;—very pleasant hast thou been unto me;—thy love to me was wonderful!"—2 Saml. 1, 26.

O me prophetic soul!—and did my heart
So justly true the fatal fear impart?
Did sorrow tell me when my S—r's breast
First bade me slumber in its generous rest;
That heart should mourn an early exile thence,
Ere yet the joys of friendship could commence?
And yet, dear youth, the same internal dread
Had mark'd thee, conscious, for the fleeting dead;
The hour that gave reflecting wisdom birth
Told thee how short thy sad career on earth!
Each rising year proclaim'd the tale again,
With louder summons and severer pain;
Whilst nature seem'd to tremble on the brink,
Ev'n life itself in hourly death to shrink;
And every pulse chain'd by the sad control
Fell in th' expiring conflict, save thy *soul!*
That soul the mirror of ingenuous youth,
Whose every thought, and every wish was truth;
That soul, which yet (in mercy) may impart
Its wonted influence to my bleeding heart;
That soul, oppress'd by sorrow's bitterest sway,
Taught thee, resign'd, to suffer and obey;
Undaunted watch'd the limits of thy breath
And smil'd triumphant 'midst the pangs of death!

C. B.

EPIGRAM.

"Frailty, *thy name* is woman." Hamlet, Shak.

If Frailty's name is woman's self,
A name which nature gave:
Sure *man* must be the weaker elf,
Still to be Frailty's slave!

C. B.

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